

The second part of

King is sicke for me: let vs take any mans horses, the lawes of England are at my commandement, blessed are they that haue bin my friends, and woe to my Lord chiefe iustice.

Pist. Let vultures vile seize on his lungs also: where is the life that late I led, say they, why here it is, welcome these pleasant dayes.

exit.

Enter Sincklo and three or foure officers.

Host. No, thou arrant knaue, I would to God that I might die, that I might haue thee hangd, thou hast drawn my shoulder out of ioynt.

Sincklo The Constables haue deliuered her ouer to mee, and shee shal haue whipping cheere I warrant her, there hath beene a man or two kild about her.

Whoore Nut-hooke, Nut-hooke, you lie, come on, Ile tell thee what, thou damnd tripe visagde rascall, and the child I go with, do miscarry, thou wert better thou hadst strook thy mother, thou paper-facde villaine.

Host. O the Lord, that sir Iohn were come! I would make this a bloody day to some body: but I pray God the fruite of her wombe miscarry.

Sincklo. If it doe, you shall haue a dozen of cushions againe, you haue but eleuen now: come, I charge you both goe with mee, for the man is dead that you and Pistoll beat amongst you.

Whoore Ile tell you what, you thin man in a cenfor, I will haue you as soundly swingde for this, you blew-bottle rogue, you filthy famisht correctioner, if you be not swingde, Ile for-sweare halfe kirtles.

Sincklo. Come, come, you shee-Knight-arrant, come.

Host. O God, that right should thus ouercom might! wel, of sufferance comes ease.

Whoore Come you rogue, come bring me to a iustice.

Host. I come, you starude blood-hound.

Whoore Goodman death, goodman bones.

Host. Thou Atomy, thou.

Whoore Come you thinne thing, come you rascall.

Sincklo

Henry th

Sinck. Very well.

Enter strewers

1 More rushes, more rushes

2 The trumpets haue sound

3 T will be two a clocke ere
on, dispatch, dispatch.

Trumpets sound, and the King

stage: after them enter Fal

Bardolfe, and

Falst. Stand heere by me ma
King doe you grace, I will leere
do but marke the countenance

Pist. God bleffe thy lungs g

Falst. Come heere Pistoll, th
had time to haue made new liue
the thousand pound I borrowed
poore shew doth better, this doth
him.

Pist. It doth so.

Falst. It shewes my earnest

Pist. It doth so.

Falst. My deuotion.

Pist. It doth, it doth, it doth.

Fal. As it were to ride day &
not to remember, not to haue p

Shal. It is best certain: but to f
sweating with desire to see him,
all affaires else in obliuion, as if
done, but to see him.

Pist. Tis *semper idem*, for,
part.

Shal. Tis so indeede.

Pist. My Knight, I will inf
thee rage thy Dol, and Helen o
durance, and contagious prison
nical, and durtie hand: rowze vp